THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FEBRUARY, 1808.

MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD.

NOTWITHSTANDING the abuse which modern satirists so unsparingly lavish on the higher classes of society, we are happily enabled to select innumerable instances of superior merit, adorning exalted rank; and the most amiable qualifications uniting with personal loveliness, to distinguish the female nobility of this nation. Among the most conspicuously pre-eminent, in public and private life, we behold the subject of our present memoir, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland and Baroness of Strathnevor, in her own right, was united to George Granville Leveson, Earl Gower, on the 4th of September, 1785, who succeeded to his father's title October 26, 1803; and is now Marquis of Stafford. In every domestic virtue the Marchioness is a pattern for her sex; and is deservedly entitled to the esteem of her friends, the affection of her husband, the respect of her children, and the veneration of her dependents. To such characters we look up with admiration, and such only we acknowledge as true British nobility.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. CXIII.

FROM the monthly accumulating correspondence of those who *honour* my lucubrations with their attention, I select the following letters; and return my best thanks to others, whose favours I am unable to use. I allow my enemies to speak; the silent approbation of my friends is enough to console me for *undeserved* abuse.

YOU OLD CRABBED CREATURE,

WHAT do you mean? I could tear your eyes out. I would scold if I could—but you are beneath my resentment. You envy pleasures which you cannot taste. I wish I had your head under the pump at Bath; I would pay for 500 strokes, in order that you might have a good sousing. It would help to wash away your spleen, you old Dotard! You have either Bath or Cheltenham in your eye. I always thought you had some communication with the devil; and now it seems one of his imps is in correspondence with you. I wish I could have you tried for a witch, you old hag. Who is the SYLPH—some infernal, like yourself? Cannot a young girl frequent public places, without her object being a lover? I suppose *you* would be glad to have one; but you are too old and ugly for that: and therefore you envy those who are more successful. But mind me: if you or your Sylph, either, dare to meddle with me, I'll put an end to your writing, by pulling out your eyes. Don't think that I can't discover you. I know already where you live: it is in a garret in St. Giles's; and you furnish a tale of scandal monthly, in order to provide yourself with dog and cat meat, which is too good for you. Abuse public places, indeed, you miscreant! Did your husband pick you up at one?—were your daughters run away with from one?—or are you ashamed to be seen at one, in your old fashioned mob cap?

I remember two or three years ago, when I was a boarding school Miss, I used to admire you; and your head, which you had the vanity to prefix to one of your papers,

was a very decent one for a granny. But it was not yours, I am sure. It looked too good-humoured, and too handsome. Your nose and chin, I doubt not, would make nut-crackers; and, if I am not misinformed, you are a miserable old maid, destined to lead apes in hell; and once belonged to the *blue stocking* club, but was kicked out of it, because you thought yourself as great a woman as the lady patroness, and would not let her have her way. Hide your head, for shame, you haggard wretch! and let the young and the gay, who treat you with ineffable contempt, follow their own courses. I blush, you satirical prude! when I think that you are of the same sex. But even that is doubtful—I have heard it insinuated that you wear a *beard*, or at least that you beat your husband, and broke his heart by your ill usage. A pretty monitor for young girls! We despise you. Once more, mind me: leave the amusements of public places to those who can enjoy them, and let us hear no more of your Sylph or you; or, depend upon it, I will raise such a party against you, that you shall never more dare to dip your pen in gall, or your fingers in a snuff-box. O, you wretch! I could cut you into atoms, and hang up your withered bones as scare-crows to frighten birds from the corn. I wish I could scold; but it is not my nature, or you should feel the tongue and the nails, as well as the pen, of HARRIET STROMBOLO.

MY DEAR HONEY,

I AM a *gentelmon* of an ancient Irish family, and came to England to make my *fortune*, by making one of your sex happy. But you have no gratitude; and are always after abusing us, who have only our *parsons* and our address to depend on, and who are trying to spread our nets for pretty girls, as fowlers do for birds. Is this any shame or disgrace? none at all at all. The pretty *cratures* love to be caught by us, and they flock to public places on purpose, God bless their dear souls! Had it not been for your d—d SYLPH, who, I don't believe, is any thing human, I should have had one in my clutches before this time. The dear angel was blind—could scarcely stir a feather—but you exposed us in such a blackguard manner, that some of

her kin found out her *sitiation*, and got her out of my reach. But there are more public places than one; and your old legs will not carry you to all, nor will you be able to conjure up imps to assist you in your *hocus pocus* tricks.

But I am a *gentlemon*, mind me, and do not like to take affronts from the ladies, dear *cratures*, who mean no harm, except when it is put into their heads by such old gossips as you. Do you take snuff? A cannister of the best genuine *blackguard* shall be sent to your order, dear Honey, if you will let me alone; but if you do not, neither your age, nor your sex, nor your obscurity, nor your publicity, nor any thing in heaven or earth, or the waters under the earth, shall save you from the indignation of

PHELIM O'FLARMAGHAN.

DEAR OLD LADY,

LAST summer I must have been at the identical watering place from which your SYLPH correspondent writes. I know the characters she describes, and they are justly drawn. Happy is it for me, that she stops her communications where she does, or probably one of my daughters, whom I took with me, and her mother, to the same vortex of dissipation, might probably have been added to the number of those who are held up to public view.

I admire your resolution, and am equally partial to your head and your heart. It is, I fear, too often the object of parents to carry their daughters to places of public resort, in order to find matches for them. I assure you, I had no such intention; but it is almost impossible to approach the verge of danger, without being whirled into the gulph; and except on the score of health, I am determined never more to frequent such places, where much mischief may be done, and little good can accrue.

My Lucy had never before been at any distance from our home, and being, though I say it, a fine girl, and thought to be entitled to a good fortune, though that wholly depends on me, she had admirers in abundance; and, in particular, a professed fortune-hunter paid the most marked attention. But I routed him: my girl is as dutiful as she is handsome; and, when I pointed out the impropriety of

her giving such a person any encouragement, with an amiable modesty, she requestsd I would leave the place, as she did not like his importunity, and had not resolution to put a stop to his effrontery.

Accordingly I returned to my native county; and soon after, a young gentleman, who had long shewn a partiality for her, without making any express declarations, hearing how much she had been admired, was fearful of losing her; and opening his mind to me, like a man of honor, I encouraged his addresses, and I am happy to say, that they were married last week, with the entire approbation of friends on both sides.

A young lady launched at once from a boarding-school into a public place, certainly encounters many dangers, and you are performing an essential service to your sex and to the public, by exposing the artifices which are too generally practised there; and warning the intended victims of the deceptions, which their innocence would be little likely to suspect. Believe me, with the truest regard,

Your sincere well-wisher,
and most obliged humble servant,
HUMPHREY HOMESPUN.

ORIGIN OF POET LAUREAT.

GEOFFRY CHAUCER, the greatest poet of his time, was a man of quality, and flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. In 1734, we find Edward III. allowing him a pitcher of wine a day from his cellar, and a yearly salary; which is supposed to be the origin of the butt of wine, a salary allowed to the king's Poet Laureat: and though this custom is still nominally observed, yet, for some years past, in lieu of the butt of wine, the sum of 26l. is allowed, which added to the first salary, make the whole 126l. per annum. These were continued to Chaucer, by Henry IV. He possessed an admirable fund of humour, painted the manners of life with great strength of colouring, and helped to improve and beautify the English language. But it was the fate of this great poet, though enjoying an ample fortune, and endowed with a more ample genius—

though loved by his prince, who employed him in many honourable offices—though admired by his countrymen, who were charmed with his writings, to fall into misfortunes in private life. He died in the year 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory. A painting, exquisitely designed and executed, was lately exhibited on the subject of his inimitable Canterbury Tale, in which the poet and the painter reflect mutual credit on each other.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

MY DEAR OLD LADY,

THE good advice which you condescend to bestow on those unfortunate creatures who stand in need of it, has been so much admired by your humble servant, that it has induced him to solicit your aid, and require your best counsel, to correct a wife's vagaries and extravagance, and afford a little consolation to an unfortunate husband.

My wife having somewhere heard that a good housewife never has any thing to purchase when it is wanted, and not being one of those philosophic talkers who speculate without practice, and learn sentences of wisdom only to repeat them, is always making additions to her already abundant stores; she never passes by a broker's shop, but she spies something that may be wanted some time or other; and it it impossible to make her pass the door of a house, where she hears "of a sale by auction."

Whatever she thinks cheap (though in reality very dear,) she holds it the duty of an economist to purchase: in consequence of this maxim, we are encumbered on every side with useless lumber. I have often observed, that advertisements set her on fire, and therefore, pretending to imitate her laudable frugality, I forbad any more newspapers being brought within the bounds of her extensive view: but my precaution is useless; she procures every catalogue of genuine furniture, every advertisement of a warehouse newly opened; and she knows, before any of her neighbours, when the stock of a man leaving off trade is to be sold off at prime cost.

As she cannot bear to have any thing incomplete, one purchase necessitates another; she has twenty feather-beds more than she can use; and lately another sale has supplied her with a proportionable number of Witney blankets, a large roll of linen for sheets, and five quilts for every bed, which she bought because the seller told her, that if she would clear his hand, he would let her have a bargain: and she remembers the old saying, "Keep a thing seven years, and it will come into use."

Thus, by hourly encroachments, my habitation is made narrower and narrower; the dining-room is so crowded with tables, that dinner scarcely can be served; the parlour is decorated with so many piles of china, that I dare not come within the door; at every turn of the stairs I have a clock; and half the windows of the upper floors are darkened, that shelves may be set before them.

This, however, might be borne, if she would gratify her own inclination without opposing mine. But I, who am idle, am luxurious; and she obliges me to live upon salt-provisions. She knows the loss of buying in small quantities, and we have therefore whole hogs and halves of oxen: part of our meat is tainted before it can be eaten, and part is thrown away, because it is spoiled; but she persists in her system, and will never buy any thing by single pennyworths, because it is so much cheaper in large quantities.

The common error of those who are still grasping at more, is to neglect that which they already possess; but from this failing my wife is free. It is the chief care of her life, that the pieces of beef should be boiled in the order in which they are bought; that the last bag of pease shall not be opened before the first is eaten; and every feather bed shall be lain on its turn. She is daily enquiring after the best traps for mice; and keeps the rooms always fumigated, to destroy the moths. She employs workmen, from time to time, to repair six clocks which never work, and clean five jacks that rust in the garret; and a woman in the next alley lives by scouring the brass and pewter, which, when cleaned, are only laid up again to tarnish.

I think it requisite, my dear old lady, to inform you, that no persuasion of mine has the least influence over her,

although I have sat hours preaching to her on her extravagancies and useless profusion: the more I wish her to leave off this silly practice, the more she persists in it; and I am now reduced from the possession of many thousands to comparative indigence. Your judicious advice to my wife, on this, to me important subject, will greatly oblige your humble servant, and sincere admirer,

M—— z——n. QUIETUS.

ANECDOTE.

CAMERIUS relates a pleasant history from Jodocus Damhoud, in this manner: "As I was sitting," saith he, "with some senators of Bruges, before the gate of the senate-house, a certain beggar presented himself to us, who, with sighs and tears, and lamentable gestures, expressed to us his miserable poverty, saying withal, that 'he had about him a private disorder, which shame prevented him from discovering to the eyes of men.' We all pitying the case of the poor man, gave him each of us something, and he departed: one amongst us sent his servant after him, with command to enquire out of him, what his private infirmity might be, which he was so loth to discover? The servant overtook him, and desired of him that satisfaction; and having diligently viewed his face, breast, arms, &c. and finding all his limbs in good plight, 'I see nothing,' said he, 'whereof you have so much reason to complain.'—'Alas!' said the beggar, 'the disease that afflicts me is far different from what you conceive of, and is such as you cannot see; it is an evil that hath crept over my whole body, it is passed through the very veins and marrow of me, in such manner, that there is no one member of my body that is able to do any work: this disease is by some called *Idleness* and *Sloth*.' The servant hearing this, left him in anger, and returned to us with this account of him; which, after we had well laughed at, we sent to make further enquiry after this beggar; but he had withdrawn himself."

THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

[Continued from Page 18.]

SCENE III.

A Cottage, the residence of Dame Woodley.

Enter Hobby, with a Nosegay, which he tears in pieces.

"WON'T ha me!" well, dang it, who cares? may hap some other body will—I wonders what the murrain volks be comed to now adays—an honest hard-working lad, be'nt good enow vor um.—Ad rat it, I zees how it be, thickee maypole Squire have turned her head with his vagaries, till she be quite mazed, else Ellen was as nice a wench as any in the village—I bezure I doesn't zee any thing more personable about her, than there be about I, vor matter o'that.

Enter Willmot.

Willmot. Pray, friend, can you tell me if one Dame Woodley still lives hereabouts?

Hobby. I could an I would, zure.

Willmot. Nay, good fellow, be not so surley; I only asked a civil question.

Hobby. 'Tis the vashion now. I only axed a civil question when I axed Miss Ellen to marry me; but she gived me a mortal uncivil answer for all that.

Willmot. Why, friend, are you a lover of my———I mean of Ellen Woodley?

Hobby. Ee's zure—I did go a suitoring a bit to her, and always thought she liked me zomehow, till I put the question to her—but I suspect you be another of the fine sparks who try to fill the girl's head with trumpery—I may thank Squire Fairfield for my mishap—he doesn't go to Dame Woodley's so often for nothing, I warrant.

Willmot. Is this the man who pretended to have my interest so much at heart?—Fairfield deceived my sister; then

he is indeed a villain!—but I will compel him to do her justice.—I must hear more of this *(aside)*. I should like to have a little conversation with you, friend; you seem a shrewd lad, and perhaps it may be in my power to serve you.

Hobby. Why, dang me, if I should mind going to sea now—for I am sure I can never stick to the plough after this terrible *cut up*—besides, I should be the laughing-stock of the village.—Oh, its a mortal cruel thing to be crossed in love!

Willmot. It is, indeed!—but step this way.

[*They retire.*

Enter Ellen from the Cottage.

I wonder Mr. Fairfield does not come; he is later than usual: perhaps the preparations for to-morrow's festival occupy all his attention—how painfully pleasing are the hours of expectation!

AIR.

How sweet to count the passing hours
Which hasten his return!
How sweet to watch the setting sun!
For when his daily course is run,
More fragrant seem the flowers:
And blithe each feathered warbler sings,
While echo through the woodland rings,
My love will soon return.

Devoid alike of art or pride,
My lover will return;
I'll gather flowrets, fresh and sweet,
To deck his favorite shady seat,
And, resting by his side,
List to his vows of faithful love,
And own no hour can blissful prove,
But that of his return.

How sweet with him the simplest fare,
At every blest return:
While love gives zest to every meal,
No wish for luxuries we feel,
Nor aught that monarchs share,
And while his arm supports my head,
I'll envy none his downy bed!
Ah, when will he return!

Enter Willmot, disguised as an invalided Sailor, with a bandage over his eye, and one leg tied up.

This little trick will occasion an agreeable surprise, and perhaps let me into a few family secrets,———*(Accosting Ellen)*. Bless you, Miss, can you give me a draught of water? 'tis a mortal hot day, and I have saved all my money up, to carry home to a poor mother and sister; so, d'ye see, I should not like to spend any in tipple by the way.

Ellen. Honest lad, you shall have a jug of the best beer in our house—poor soul, you have been wounded, I see; were you in the last engagement?

Willmot. Yes, Miss, and would I had never lived to see the sight I did—our gallant commander's death!

Ellen. You have done your duty, friend, as well as your brave officer.

Willmot. Oh, Miss, he was the glory of the age—degenerate must be the Englishman who does not enshrine the name of Nelson within his breast, with love, veneration, and gratitude.

Ellen. Did you know one Willmot of the Intrepid?

Willmot. No, Miss.

Ellen. My poor brother! how strange it is that we can obtain no tidings of him—but I forget this poor fellow.—Sit down on this bench, friend, and I will bring you some refreshment.

Willmot. Bless your goodness.

[*Ellen enters the house, and Willmot conceals himself.*

Enter Fairfield.

My lovely Ellen will be delighted with the good news I have for her; but I will keep that for the last, and previously try her on the subject of my marriage.

SONG.

In a cottage, by clustering woodbines conceal'd,
Dwells Ellen, the pride of the vale;
In whose charms Flora's loveliest tints are reveal'd,
The rose blush and sweet lily pale;
To the gold rays of morning her tresses compare,
When she breathes, sweetest odours exhale,
As a snow-drop so modest, so beauteous, so fair,
Is Ellen, the pride of the vale.

Yet how faint are those charms, when compar'd with her mind,
That treasure so perfect, so rare,
Without which no permanent pleasure we find,
For 'tis virtue makes beauty more fair:
It is this sweetens life, robs old age of its gloom,
And to bring certain bliss cannot fail;
May the blossoms of virtue in Ellen's breast bloom,
And still make her the pride of the vale!

Enter Ellen with Ale and Cake.

Ellen. Here, friend, eat and drink as much as you please.

Fairfield. (Smiling.) I thank you, dear Ellen, but I am neither hungry nor thirsty.

Ellen. Bless me, is it you?—I left a poor sailor here.

Fairfield. I have not seen him; but put the jug down, I have something particular to say to you.

Ellen. Dear me, what has happened—you look unusually serious.

Fairfield. It is a serious subject, Ellen; I am going to be married.

Ellen. Married! Mr. Fairfield.

Fairfield. Yes, my dear Ellen, but let not that distress you.

Willmot. (Aside.) Can I believe my senses?

Fairfield. Why this agitation, my lovely girl? can you doubt my affection? though family interest renders it necessary that I should marry Miss Oakley, my love for you will continue undiminished, and I think my sweet Ellen has too much real regard for me, to place much stress on an idle ceremony, which can never controul the feelings of the heart.

Ellen. How have I been deceived!—leave me, Mr. Fairfield, in pity leave me! I would if possible conceal my weakness; but this shock overpowers me.

[*Sinking on a seat.*

Fairfield. Ellen, dear Ellen, why will you doubt me? my heart, my fortune, is at your disposal.

Ellen. (Rising.) Insult me not, Sir, by such language—tenderly as I once regarded you, your present conduct has undone all; I now despise the man who could take advantage of my credulity, and insult me with such language.

Fairfield. Yet hear me, dear Ellen.

[*Clasping his arms round her.*

Ellen. (Shrieking.) Touch me not.—Oh, why is not my dear brother here to protect me?

Willmot advancing, and throwing off his Disguise.

Willmot. He is here, and will protect you—Villain! is this your kindness to my family?

Fairfield. Willmot, my friend—a thousand welcomes.

Willmot. Wretch! your friend, indeed!

Fairfield. Aye, Willmot, and sincerely your's—this was but a little stratagem of mine to teaze your sweet, scrupulous sister: I love her truly, and no other shall ever be my wife.

Willmot. Say you so? then we are friends indeed.

[*Extending his hand.*

Fairfield. You seem to have had your secret schemes too?

Willmot. Forgive me; disadvantageous suspicions of you, were raised by the insinuations of an enraged clown, and I wished to discover Ellen's real character, before I made myself known.

Fairfield. But will our dear Ellen forgive this trial of her virtue?

Ellen. I am too happy in the result to bear malice.—But I will fetch my dear mother, she will be overjoyed to see Willmot. [*Ellen enters the house.*

Fairfield. I just received intelligence of the ship's arrival, and was preparing to inform your sister.

Willmot. I have been promoted, and my prize-money amounts to a considerable sum, so that Ellen shall not be portionless.—But how do you design to act towards Miss Oakley?

Fairfield. I must entreat your advice; amiable as she is, I cannot think of an union with her, and my refusal will be an insult which her uncle will never forgive.—'Tis an awkward affair.

Willmot. Miss Oakley, I flatter myself, will not be displeased at your rejection of her uncle's proposals.

Fairfield. Do you think so? why, Willmot?—Ah, I see you have interest in that quarter; well, this is lucky enough;

trust me, my dear fellow, I will do my best to further your views.

Willmot. Your efforts will be ineffectual: Sir Thomas has all the prejudices of rank and family to contend with—I am but a poor cottager's son.

Fairfield. You are a British sailor, and that is an advantage greater than rank or birth can bestow.

Willmot. I fear Sir Thomas will not be easily persuaded to that.

Enter Dame Woodley with Ellen.

Dame. My boy returned! where is he?

Willmot. Here, mother, safe, well, and happy! [*Embracing.*

Dame. Heaven's blessings on you! but come, tell me all your adventures.—Ellen, give me your arm; why, child, you look more like a mourner than a rejoicer.

DUET.

FAIRFIELD.

Why turns my fair her head away,
To hide the starting tear?
Her trembling accents still convey
Alternate doubt and fear.

ELLEN.

Check not the tear of heartfelt joy,
Nor timid fears reprove;
Your kindness can each doubt destroy,
And cherish faithful love.

FAIRFIELD.

Let smiles of fondness speak your joy,
And timid doubts remove;
My kindness shall each care destroy,
And cherish faithful love.

Dame. Ah, what a prince of a man he is! but come, let's in, and compose ourselves; I am impatient to hear all my dear boy's adventures.

Fairfield. We will follow you, good mother.

[*They all enter the house.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The Garden Gate of Sir Thomas Oakley's House.

On one side a Country Alehouse with benches.

Enter Willmot, looking at his Watch.

I am true to the appointed time, yet Susan is not here; surely my Emma's letter has not fallen into the hands of that cross old duenna.—Oh, this love, it involves me in a thousand perplexities.

SONG.

When whisling winds are heard to roar,
And rain falls pouring from above;
On tender thoughts we dwell no more,
For duty drowns the voice of love;

The surge foams high, the lightnings fly,
And thundering peals our valour prove,
Till hope is lost, each keeps his post,
And duty stills the voice of love.

But when the dreadful tumults o'er,
And heaven's bright orb appears above,
Of toil, or fear, we think no more,
For duty then gives place to love.

The fresh'ning gale soon fills each sail,
The grog goes round, our joy to prove,
His heart to chear, each toasts his dear,
And nought is heard but songs of love!

Enter Susan, softly.

Hist! hist! Sir; you will be overheard.

Willmot. Are you Susan, Miss Oakley's maid?

Susan. At your service, Sir—is that all you wish to know?

Willmot. Not quite; you have a letter.

Susan. There it is, Sir; in an hour's time I will wait for an answer.

Willmot. A thousand thanks; but hold, accept this, my pretty maid, to buy a ribbon for to-morrow's jubilee.

Susan. (Rejecting it.) You mistake, Sir, I take no bribes.

Willmot. I beg pardon; receive then a sailor's token.
[*Saluting her.*

As she runs out she is met by Sir Donnelan.

Willmot. Confusion! this impertinent fellow-lodger of mine haunts me like a shadow.

Sir D. Egad, I am lucky creature, go where I will the women fly into my arms.—Oh, leave an Irishman alone for good fortune, when a pretty girl is in the way.

Willmot. Or you may say, leave an Irishman alone for hunting out a pretty girl, when a good fortune is in the way.

Sir D. Faith, and you may say that—but tell me, my fine fellow, who was that enchanting little baggage?

Wilmot. What shall I say—I must not acknowledge that I saluted the nmid! *(Aside).*

Sir D. Ah, a letter!—Oh, you happy rogue; what, write a letter, and bring it herself; by St. Patrick, now, that is what you Englishmen call a bull!

Willmot. Confound his impertinence!—Sir, excuse me, I have business.

Sir D. Oh, my dear fellow, make no apology—pray read your letter—if I can in any way serve you in this affair, command me.

Willmot. (Impatiently.) There is no occasion, Sir.

[*Hastily looks over the letter, and slips it into his pocket.*

Sir D. A pleasant communication it seems, by your countenance—an assignation, perhaps.

Willmot. I will teaze him now.—It is as you guess.

Sir D. Oh, delightful! the lady young and beautiful.

Willmot. As man could wish!

Sir D. Her name, my dear fellow, her name?

Willmot. That, Sir Donnelan, I will leave to your ingenuity to discover. [*Exit, laughing.*

Sir D. And that I will do if she has a name, or I am not Sir Donnelon O'Dogherty.

[*Going out is met by Hobby, with a letter in his hand.*

Hobby. What a misfortune it is that I never larned to read; who knows what a lucky turn this might be.

Sir D. Friend, what are you so curiously examining?

Hobby. I ax pardon, Sir, mayhap this belongs to you, I just picked it up.

Sir D. (Taking the letter.) O yes—egad, the very letter; thank you, my honest fellow, there's a crown for you.

Hobby. Ecod; this is luck, zure and zure. [*Going.*

Sir D. Stay, friend; I have further occasion for you—reads—

"Dear Willmot,

"I have not leisure to explain to you all the particulars I wish, but as there will be a masked ball at Mr. Fairfield's this evening, I trust you will be able to obtain admittance, when we shall have an opportunity of conversing together. I shall wear a blue domino, with a white hat.

"Your's, "EMMA OAKLEY."

Pray, my lad, do you know who lives in that house?

Hobby. Know, to be zure I do; why that is 'Squire Oakley's house, and a rich old cormudgeon he be.

Sir D. Better and better; has he any daughters?

Hobby. Ees, one; and a pratty bit of goods she be.

Sir D. His heiress, no doubt?

Hobby. Aye, aye; every body knows that.

Sir D. Well, my dear fellow, I have a little service to request of you; and if you acquit yourself to my satisfaction, I will be the making of you.

Hobby. A brave generous gentleman this; Sir, I will do any thing in the world for you.

Sir D. You seem a shrewd lad, and as I want such a one about me, I will take you into my service; what say you to twenty pounds a year, and my left-off cloaths?

Hobby. (Looking at him curiously!)

Sir D. Why, what is the fellow grinning at?

Hobby. No offence, Sir; but I was just thinking that, mayhap, they wou'dn't fit, I beent so humpy belike: and what the murrain should I do with that bit of a waistcoat and a coat without skirts; ecod, I think I see myself—he! he!

Sir D. Well, well, we will talk of that another time; you must wait here a few moments, and I will write a note for you to carry to that house.

Hobby. Very well, Sir. *(Exit Donellan.).* Twenty

pounds a year; that's a handsome promise too—but mayhap it may be that he is like some of your London gentry, whose servants may watch their pleasures night and day, and wait their leisure ere they pay. Ah, ecod, I be a cute one at ryhme.

Enter Frank, with a letter.

Hobby. Your servant, Sir; is that for me?

Frank. For you, fellow! what do you mean by that?

Hobby. No offence, Sir; only that there tall gentleman, in a short coat, told me to wait here while he wrote a letter for me to take to the young lady in that house, Miss Oakley.

Frank. Miss Oakley! the devil he did? Here's a pretty go; my master must know of this—but I must execute my commission, and settle this fellow's adventure afterwards.—Harkye, my brave lad, you would make a fine sailor: how should you like a trip? Oh, its a glorious life—I will tell all about it.

SONG.

1.

I went to sea when very young,
And then my pleasures first began,
With steady heart and honest tongue,
In form a boy, in soul a man;
I did my duty gallantly,
I fought the foe right valiantly;
But that is always done, d'ye see,
By every British sailor.

Hobby. Huzza! I like that, by goles.

2.

I ne'er from toil was known to flinch,
True to my country, and my lass,
A right bred sailor every inch,
I priz'd my king, my girl, and glass;
No fears my dauntless bosom knew,
Save those which rose for lovely Sue;
I fear'd least she would not prove true
To her still faithful sailor.

3.

At sea, by various tasks employ'd,
Our time glides cheerily along,
And every hour of rest enjoy'd,
With social grog and merry song.

And as we stem the foaming main,
Fond fancy wafts us back again
To those who love, and sigh in vain,
To see their absent sailor.

4.

Then when at last we make to land,
And British ground salute once more,
The girls all flock upon the strand,
To see their sailors spring ashore;
The joyful kiss of glee goes round,
Dear is the token, sweet the sound;
With spirits gay, we trip away,
Shiners display—huzza! huzza!
And gaily sing, Long live the king!
Lov'd by each British sailor!

Hobby. Huzza! ecod, tis a glorious life indeed—catch me serving any master but his majesty—no, no, if I am to wear a livery it shall be one which I can take pride in.

Frank. Spoken like a sensible honest lad—but I must be going; in half an hour's time I will meet you at the ale-house you see yonder, and then I will tell you such stories as will do your heart good.

Hobby. I will be there. [*Exit Frank.*

Enter Sir Donnelan.

Deliver that letter carefully; and return to me at the Angel.

Hobby. (Aside.) You may go to the devil, if you like, before I follow you, or any such a half-dressed jackanapes. —*Taking the letter.* [*Exit Donnelan.*

Re-enter Frank.

Come, my dear fellow, all the villagers are assembling for a merry dance; you will be too late if you stand scratching your head there.

Hobby. A murrain take the letter; I wish I had never been such an easy fool.

Frank. Psha! never heed that, man; I am going to the very house on a little affair of my own, and, if you can trust to the honour of a sailor, give it me.

Hobby. Why it will be all the same, to be sure—you wont play me a trick, will you?

Frank. If I do, never trust a sailor again, that's all.

Hobby. Well, well, I am satisfied—now I can go and shake my toes with the best of um. [*Exeunt severally.*

[*To be continued.*]

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER:

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A STAGE-COACH.

(Continued from page 13.)

THOUGH I had quitted the house of mourning in a frame of mind truly unenviable; yet, as I approached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Middleton, my spirits naturally revived; but I could not avoid feeling some degree of anxiety respecting the manner in which I should be received. These sensations were not produced by any doubt of Mr. M—'s, or his too interesting daughter's, urbanity, for I was going to make a visit in consequence of a preparatory invitation; but I was desirous of discovering in the expressive countenance of Louisa, those indescribable traces of emotion which invariably attend genuine love; and which my own palpitating heart told me I should be unable to restrain.

It has been observed, and I think with great justice, that it is very easy to form an opinion of the master and mistress's character by the manners of their domestics; and though, upon the carriage stopping at the door, I was informed that the idol of my affections and her father were gone to dine with a neighbouring family, I was respectfully conducted into a small, but elegant library, by a youth about eighteen, who, placing a chair for me, informed me he would immediately acquaint his master I was arrived, as he was not more than two miles distant, and would be extremely angry if he was not summoned.

Though I was pleased with this attention in the servant, I positively forbade him from acquainting his master with my arrival; but scarcely had he quitted the apartment, when I was accosted by a venerable looking woman, who, from the

bunch of keys suspended to her apron, I concluded to be housekeeper; she informed me I had been expected for the last three days, and that her master would not have been absent but upon an extraordinary occasion, "for you must know, Sir, it is a christening, and my dear young lady stands for the infant; but I only wish you had seen the beautiful dress she made for it, with her own sweet hands. Oh! she certainly is an angel, if ever there was one upon the face of this earth."

So delighted was I with the praises bestowed upon my soul's treasure, that I actually could have embraced the venerable Mrs. Richardson; and so long did I keep her in conversation, that she had actually forgotten for what purpose she came into the room, until the footman informed her that Martha requested to speak with her. "Lord bless me!" she exclaimed, "Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons, I had quite forgot the business which brought me here, but when once I begins talking about my dear young lady, I never knows when to end; but would your honour like a broiled chicken, and a nice little bit of veal cutlet, for we have both in the pantry, and I'll toss them up in a quarter of an hour.

I informed the old lady either would satisfy me, but positively forbade the appearance of both; then requesting William to conduct me to my apartment, for the purpose of making a change in my appearance, I soon received a summons down again, and found a small, but delicate repast, prepared for me, in less time than I imagined possible. Though a solitary meal is seldom attended with any relish by those whom nature has formed for social delights, yet the various emblems of my Louisa's taste, with which I was surrounded, afforded such inexpressible gratification to my mind, that I felt charmed at having an opportunity of indulging those visionary ideas of domestic felicity, which I could not help flattering myself it might be my lot to enjoy; if that tenderness with which the amiable girl had inspired me should prove reciprocal, and her worthy father sanction the proposal I resolved to make.

So completely was my mind absorbed by pleasing reflections, that I was totally insensible of the lapse of time, until the door opened, and Mr. Middleton entered, followed

by the object of my fondest desires. The former received me with all the warmth of an old acquaintance, blended with that polish of address which distinguishes the gentleman; a blush of the deepest dye suffused the expressive countenance of Louisa, as I respectfully raised her trembling hand to my lips. So extatic were the sensations which this evident agitation excited, that I could scarcely refrain from expressing the transports of my breast; my attention, however, were soon directed into another channel, by the entrance of a young clergyman, whom Mr. Middleton introduced by the name of Butler, and who seemed to feel himself perfectly at home. What a transition did a few moments make in my sensations! I not only viewed the stranger with eyes of jealousy, but with actual abhorrence; for, upon addressing himself to Miss Middleton, he accosted her by the appellation of "My dear Louisa." Suddenly all my airy schemes of future happiness vanished; the familiarity of his manner towards my soul's idol excited such disgust, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could treat him with the politeness due to a gentleman. With a scrutinizing eagerness, which must have rendered me apparently impertinent, I watched every look of the unconscious Louisa, when she addressed the too happy Butler; whom I considered wholly unworthy of possessing such a treasure. Those moments which I had imagined would have flown with the rapidity of lightning, dragged on with an insupportable weight; and never did I feel my mind relieved from such a state of inquietude as when Mr. Middleton observed I appeared fatigued; and gave orders to his servant to attend me to my apartment.

Sleep was a stranger to my eye-lids; for several hours I paced up and down my room, blaming my unlucky stars for having introduced me to the acquaintance of the only woman I ever had or could love. To remain Mr. Middleton's guest I found would be impossible, yet what excuse to make for my abrupt departure I could not devise; at length, exhausted by mental agitation, I threw myself upon the bed, and fell into an unquiet sleep. From this I awoke about seven in the morning, and in a short time afterwards arose; and, undrawing my window curtains, beheld Miss Middleton, and the object of my aversion, walking arm in

arm. Appalled by the sight, I hastily left the window, but as quickly returned; and perceived, by their gestures, they were in earnest conversation, for each frequently made a sudden stop; at length Butler seized her hand with apparent rapture, and embracing it with fervour, rushed into an adjoining copse.

Had I at that moment been endowed with the fabled power of the basilisk, that embrace would have been his last; throwing myself into a chair, I actually was weak enough to burst into a flood of tears. Roused by reason and reflection from this boyish proof of weakness, I took myself severely to task for suffering my affections to have such an unbounded sway over me, and yielding to sensations which degraded me as a man. As soon as my mind became more composed, I descended into the library—but how different did every thing in it appear to what it had done the preceding afternoon! the emblems of fair Louisa's taste no longer afforded me pleasure; in short, the whole world appeared to me as a dreary waste. When accosted by my hospitable entertainer, I endeavoured to assume a cheerfulness totally foreign to the feelings of my heart; and when I heard him enquiring for his daughter, I could scarcely avoid telling him how she had been engaged.

With a countenance blooming as Hebe, and lovely as Venus, in a few minutes she entered the room. "You have been taking your accustomed walk, my sweet girl," said her father, "but you have made it unusually long."—"I ought to apologize both to you and Mr. ———," replied Louisa, who, I thought, appeared rather disconcerted, "but the morning was so inviting, I was not aware of the lateness of the hour."—"Did Butler accompany you?" enquired Mr. Middleton. "He not only accompanied, but actually persecuted me with intreaties, to dispatch him to Sir Clement Dorville, with a request from you, my dear Sir, namely, that Eliza would shorten her visit, and return to us to-morrow morning."

Whilst the ingenuous Louisa was giving her father this description, I scarcely had the power of drawing my breath, so fearful was I of misapprehending the reviving sentences which dropped from her coral lips; yet, had a judge of physiognomy witnessed the sudden turn they gave my fea-

tures, the transport I experienced could not have been concealed.

"Though sudden attachments are said to be seldom lasting," rejoined Mr. Middleton, "yet I believe poor George will prove an exception to the observation; and I feel a secret satisfaction in the belief that he has fixed his affections upon an amiable young woman. If Butler was my own son," continued he, addressing his conversation to me, "I could not feel greater anxiety for his happiness; but this, my dear Sir, you will allow to be natural, when I tell you, he has been under my protection from a mere child; my Louisa regards him with the affection of a brother, and I once thought she might have beheld him in a still dearer light. You recollect my informing you, when chance threw us into the same vehicle, that we were going to meet the orphan daughter of Colonel Mordount, who was just arrived from the east; I found her not only in person the complete image of her father, but, what was still more gratifying, possessing all the amiable qualities of his mind. George happened to be at home at the period of her arrival, and, with that ardor natural to youth, informed me, upon her retiring to rest, that, if ever he married, Eliza Mordount was the only being with whom he could enjoy happiness. Their attachment, I have reason to think, is mutual; for though my Louisa will not betray the confidence of a friend, yet I believe she is no stranger to the preference which Eliza feels towards this deserving young man. Sir Clement Dorville, whose extensive grounds reach to the boundary of my confined ones, was the intimate friend of Eliza's father, and, at his request, she has been passing a few days at his mansion, to the mortification of poor Butler, who dreads (without reason) a rival in the baron's dissipated heir."

Of what incomprehensible materials is the mind of man constructed? For this very George Butler, whom, the preceding evening, I had viewed with eyes of abhorrence, upon entering the apartment as Mr. Middleton closed the preceding sentence, struck me not only as an elegant but an interesting young man. "She comes! she comes! the heroine comes!" he exclaimed theatrically, after having paid Mr. Middleton and myself the compliment of the day;

" and, thank God," continued he, in a more serious accent, " she is heartily tired of her visit; for that insufferable puppy, Ferdinand Dorville, has completely disgusted her with his unmeaning compliments."

The tea equipage being removed, Mr. Middleton enquired in what manner I was inclined to dispose of myself until the dinner hour; " for, though I am now an hale man," said he, " compared to what I was a month back, yet I am not equal to any pedestrian exercise; therefore, if you are inclined to take a view of the country, Mr. Butler's horse, I am persuaded, will be at your service, and Louisa will accompany you on her little poney; George and myself will attend you in my humble, though convenient carriage, as he is always kind enough to undertake the office of charioteer." This carriage was a four-wheeled single horse-chaise, built upon so low a construction, that Mr. Middleton could ascend it without exertion or fatigue; and, as no one offered an objection to the proposal, in less than an hour we set off, in the manner which has been described.

The air and exercise gave additional beauty to Louisa's countenance, her figure was peculiarly formed to set off the dress she wore; and, as I rode by her side, I gazed upon her with those transports which may be imagined, but cannot be expressed. The surrounding country was picturesquely beautiful; though in such a society a wilderness would have appeared Paradise to me: we continued our ride, until our watches reminded us that the dining hour drew near. Upon entering the hall we were met by Eliza, who, rushing into the arms of her friend, exclaimed, " Thank heaven, my beloved Louisa, I have escaped from a state of thraldom!—not for the universe will I ever enter that hateful mansion again!"

This declaration was made in the fullness of Eliza's feelings, who evidently had not perceived a stranger was added to the friendly groupe; for when Mr. Middleton introduced me to her, she appeared not only astonished, but confused. A week—a delightful week—passed, in rational amusements; if the weather permitted, the mornings were spent in viewing the country, the evenings in music, or in reading the works of the most admired authors; and time might truly be said to fly upon the wings of love.

Though every day confirmed me in the opinion that I was not indifferent to Louisa, yet, whenever I determined to declare the strength of my passion, the words died upon my tongue. It is true, these opportunities were not frequent; for though each were on horseback, Mr. Middleton, by remarks and conversation, contrived to keep us close to the chaise; and though I received the most polite attention from him, yet Louisa was seldom from his side. At length I resolved to implore this respected father to sanction that declaration which I was resolved to make; and as Butler and I were upon terms of the completest confidence, I entreated him to follow the ladies into the drawing-room after dinner, and by so doing afford me an opportunity of knowing my fate.

Our simple, yet delicate repast was ended, and the ladies had just arisen from their seats, when a thundering rap at the door arrested their footsteps, and my respected aunt's coachman rushed into the room. "I beg your honour's pardon," said he, "but there is no time for manners, Sir; Mrs. Benson would not even detain me to write: my poor dear lady has broke a blood-vessel, and you must come along directly, if you wish to see her alive. The carriage is at the door; I had four fresh horses put to it three miles from this here place." When the faithful fellow closed this melancholy intelligence, my eyes were involuntarily directed towards the object whom my soul adored: I beheld her pale, agitated, and trembling, and supporting herself by Eliza's arm. "My Louisa!" I exclaimed, "my adored Louisa! how does this mark of sympathy endear you to my attached and faithful breast!" but, alarmed by an imaginary coldness in her manner, I dropped the hand I had fervently pressed to my throbbing heart. "Pardon, Sir," I continued, turning to Mr. Middleton, "the incoherency of my expressions; Mr. Butler will more fully explain all I mean; for I must leave you at a moment when suspense is torture!—Console me, by saying you shall be glad to see me again."

"I shall not only be glad, but truly happy," replied the worthy Mr. Middleton; and, in a low voice, added, "I fully comprehend all you intended to say; and if a knowledge of my perfect esteem can be a consolation to you,

know that you possess it to the fullest extent." Though my heart was too full for words to express its emotions, I respectfully pressed his hand to my breast; and, recovering myself in a few seconds, I said, "I shall not know happiness until I see you again;" then taking the hand of the two ladies, I imprinted upon each a fervent kiss, and hurrying out of the apartment, threw myself into the carriage. As Peter, which was the name of my aunt's servant, had ordered relays of horses, we reached her mansion in the space of seven hours—but, alas! not in time for me to receive her blessing; for, as the carriage stopped at the door, her spirit took its flight to happier regions.

Deeply was my heart affected by this melancholy circumsance; for being left an orphan at an early period, she had supplied each parents' place; yet, from being the child of her younger brother, she could not leave me her estate. My cousin, the heir at law, had never paid her the smallest attention, and they had not even spoken for several years; judge, then, of my astonishment, at seeing him in the drawing-room, and hearing him give orders to the servants, as if he was their master. This respected woman, knowing she had not the power of bequeathing me her landed property, which amounted to near three thousand a year, had, for the last sixteen, laid by one-third of it, as a portion for me, whom she always styled her son; and, during my last visit, she had, in the presence of Mrs. Benson, the housekeeper, read me her will, and after so doing, shewed me the place in which it was deposited.

This Mrs. Benson, however, was one of those artful characters, who are all things to all men; to her mistress she was sycophanticly attentive; to me, as being her favorite, full of unmeaning compliments: but knowing, from the confidence which had been placed in her, that my cousin must be heir to the fortune, she resolved to worship the rising sun. When Peter, who was warmly attached to my person, enquired of this double-dealer whether he should not fetch me; the answer was, "by all means; but that she had not time to write." Yet, the moment he quitted the house, she dispatched the gardener with a letter to the hopeful heir, who resided only ten miles distant from my aunt's abode.

With this young man, whose disposition was truly unamiable, I had never been upon intimate terms; therefore I was not surprised at perceiving a coolness in his manners towards me, blended with no small portion of arrogance. "As the adopted son of Mrs. ——," said he, "Sir, you will doubtless wish to see me place seals upon all her drawers, until after that ceremony which will entitle me to take possession of these premises."

The insolence and apathy of manner with which he expressed himself, excited such a contrariety of emotions in my breast, that I was scarcely able to reply with composure, "that there was only one drawer I wished to see him seal." However, recollecting the respect which was due to the memory of my benefactress, I curbed my resentment, and accompanied him whilst he calmly placed the seals. The funeral being over, and the parties collected, whose names I informed my cousin I had heard specified in the will, the drawer which had contained it was opened—but, alas! the casket was robbed of its gem! Pretended astonishment marked the conspirators' countenances—for it was evidently a treacherous plan between the heir and the housekeeper —the former, however, assumed great composure, yet exclaimed, "This is wonderful! for you told me you saw my aunt put the will in that place."—"And so I did, your honour," replied the artful hypocrite, "but that was a matter of three months ago; and it is not above a fortnight since my dear deceased lady said to me, 'Benson, I do not think I shall live long, and when I die, I shall convince you that I die in peace with all the world. My nephew and heir has had enemies, continued my sweet dear lady, or we should never have been at variance, neither should I have encumbered the estate; for I wish our name to descend with honour to posterity; and I hope he will always live in a suitable style.' So, from this conversation, your honour, I am sure and certain, that my dear lady burnt the will she made."

"It is false," said I, in a decided accent, "and think not you have a school-boy to deal with, who will be so easily duped." Then turning to the man whom I despised too much to acknowledge as a relation, added, "I claim a right of searching every part of the house, though this is

merely a matter of form; for I am too well persuaded, that the will is either concealed, or burnt." As I made this claim, I fixed my eyes stedfastly upon him; and, if ever conscious guilt was discernable in the face, it doubtless was so in that of this unprincipled young man; for, unable to meet the stedfast gaze with which I observed him, he turned to the companion of his iniquity, and demanded whether such an accusation was patiently to be borne?

The seals, however, were rapidly broken, and every crevice explored; but, as I expected, my name was not even mentioned upon any of the papers; fortunately, Mr. Hemmington, the rector of the parish, a man whose very name was never mentioned but with the highest esteem, had been called upon to witness the manner in which my revered relation had disposed of her property. Having gratified my curiosity, without answering the desired purpose, I resolved instantly to quit the abode of iniquity; yet I did not take my departure without threatening the perpetrators of this nefarious action with the utmost severity of the law; vowing, that if I made myself a beggar, I would try to obtain that property of which I had so unjustly been deprived.

Though the evening was approaching when the examination terminated, I resolved not to sleep another night under the roof now so hateful to me, though it had once been the abode of happiness; for from the days of childhood it had been my home. As honest Peter appeared to be the only one of the domestics whose principles had not been perverted by the attracting power of gold, him alone did I make acquainted with my intention of unceremoniously quitting the house. "I shall walk," said I, "to the rectory, and there take up my abode for the night."—"Your honour won't go for to walk, when there are four horses in the stable," exclaimed the attached fellow, in a voice of astonishment, "why, Sir, it is a matter of three miles!"—"If it were three hundred, Peter," I replied, "I would not make use of any animal which is the property of your master."

"He is no master of mine, Sir," replied Peter. "I would not live with him if he would give me a hundred a year; for, after your honour was gone to bed, on the night

we lost our dear lady, he sent for me into the parlour, and began what I calls pumping, just for to see how the wind stood; and, finding as how I war'nt to be won over from my duty, he said as how he should not want my sarvices, but that I might stay until after the funeral; and this blessed morning he paid me my wages, saying, as how he would have been a friend to me if I had behaved in a different sort of way; but that I might now look to you for a character, for he would not give me one if I was starving."

"You shall never starve, my honest fellow," I exclaimed, clapping him upon the shoulder, "whilst I am master of a single guinea; and though, from the rambling life I have lately led, I have not wanted a domestic in your capacity; yet I hope in a short time to become a settled man, and, if you are willing, from this moment I will engage you to be my servant."

Joy and exultation marked poor Peter's countenance; and as few words were necessary to arrange our bargain, we each of us quitted the house without apprizing any of its inhabitants of our intention; for Peter had already sent his box to a neighbouring publican's, and a few shirts and a dressing-gown comprised all my luggage. The small portmanteau, containing these articles, he threw across his shoulder, and we directed our steps towards the rectory, but had not proceeded above half a mile, when we met one of Mr. Hemmington's servants going to the mansion we had just left, with complimentary enquiries after the inhabitants' health; and assigning as a reason for his master not personally making them, that his mistress was dangerously ill.

This intelligence not only pained my feelings, but totally disconcerted my plans; for though I highly respected Mr. Hemmington's character, yet I was not upon sufficient terms of intimacy to intrude at so unseasonable a moment; and, after pausing a short time, I told Peter I would turn into the turnpike road, and take advantage of the first public vehicle that passed. From this plan my companion endeavoured to dissuade me, by observing, we were only two miles from D—ford, "where your honour knows," continued he, "you can have a post-chaise to any part of the world." This advice I certainly should have followed, had

not the distant rattling of carriage wheels at that moment caught my ear; it was the Canterbury stage; I instantly hailed the coachman, and had the good fortune to find there was a vacant seat.

A lady, whose dress denoted her to be a widow, with three little ones in the same sable apparel, occupied the front seat; and, on the side where there was a vacancy, sat an honest looking farmer, and a young woman, apparently about nineteen. On the countenance of the mother of these fatherless children, the lineaments of sorrow were deeply impressed; and so completely absorbed by grief appeared her feelings, that she was totally inattentive to the innocent prattle of a little girl, about three years of age, who frequently appealed to her, by enquiring when the coach would stop again.

Both the farmer and his daughter, (as I concluded her to be,) seemed to regard the fair mourner with the most sympathizing concern; and the latter, taking the inquisitive little traveller upon her knee, at length besought her not to tease her mama. The customary observations upon the weather having passed between myself and the farmer, he addressed our disconsolate fellow-traveller by the appellation of Montgomery: a name which, from not being common, suddenly arrested my attention. "Come, be a little bit cheerful, madam," said the sympathizing man, taking his hat off with one hand, whilst, with respectful kindness, he gently placed the other upon his knee; "for all the tears in the world will not bring the captain to life again; and only think, madam, what a sad case those poor babes would be in, if you was to die of grief."

"Fear not that, my kind friend," rejoined Mrs. Montgomery, "for in the bills of mortality few will be found to have fallen victims to grief; had I lost my beloved husband in the cause of his country, I could have supported it with resignation; but when I know his precious life was lost through cruelty and inhumanity, how can I refrain from tears?"

"Pardon, madam," said I, "the apparent impertinence of a stranger, yet allow me to ask whether the christian name of Captain Montgomery was not Malcom?"—"Yes, Malcolm it was; and completely did he inherit the noble

blood which flowed in his veins," replied Mrs. Montgomery; "but tell me, Sir, did you know my beloved and universally esteemed husband?"

Upon replying in the affirmative, and informing her that we had been schoolfellows; with the confidence of an old acquaintance, she intrusted me with the real state of her affairs, from which I found she was not only going to London for the purpose of claiming the pension due to an officer's widow, but to state the cruel cause of her husband's death, and to solicit government to make some provision for his helpless offspring. This tragic event was related to the honest farmer who accompanied her, in a letter from his son, who was carpenter to the ship which Captain M— commanded, and who with himself was made prisoner by one of the Corsican usurper's vessels. During the engagement, Captain Montgomery had been wounded in the shoulder, and though his surgeon assured him there was not the slightest danger to be apprehended from the wound, yet, upon his being made prisoner, and thrown into a damp dungeon, without even a truss of straw to stretch his weary limbs upon, the coagulated blood excited inflammation, and, on the fourth day of his imprisonment, a mortification ensued; which, on the fifth, terminated his existence, and robbed our country of one of its bravest supporters.

From the tenor of the young carpenter's letter, which his father drew from a pocket-book, and gave me to peruse, I discovered that all artificers, or mechanics, who were made prisoners, if willing to enter into the tyrant's service, were humanely treated; and poor Ned Johnson, preferring freedom to confinement, had, from compulsion rather than choice, accepted the offered terms; and, though watched by an overseer, had contrived to elude his vigilance, and got the letter which described the cruel treatment which Captain Montgomery had met with, conveyed to England.

From farther conversation, I discovered that Mrs. Montgomery had taken the farmer's daughter to live with her as under nurse-maid, from a mere child; and so truly sensible was the worthy man of the kind manner with which his child had been treated, that to *serve* madam, he declared he would lay down his life.

Though I had never seen this brave man since our sepa-

ration at Eton, yet frequently had I heard his exalted character praised; and as the idea struck me that I might be able to serve his widow and her children, I enquired whether she had any friend in power to whom she meant to apply. "Alas!" replied she, "those friends, from whom I might expect assistance, have both been recently appointed to separate commands, and are absent from their native country; yet surely, (pointing to her children,) these pledges of conjugal affection will plead forcibly in my behalf!"

Delusive was this hope, and vain this expectation: yet, as it convinced me poor Mrs. Montgomery was totally ignorant of the world, I resolved to forego the gratification of seeing my adored Louisa, until I had put her into the method she ought to pursue; for being intimately acquainted with some of the lords of the admiralty, as well as several of the commissioners who compose the navy-board, I felt a secret satisfaction in knowing such interest must strengthen her petition; and though a stranger, I offered my services with all that warmth natural to my heart.

My proposal was received with the liveliest expressions of gratitude; yet I could not help smiling at the honest farmer's simplicity, who observed, that though it did not become him to advise his betters, he thought madam would do well to go to the King at once, and show him the letter which he had received from his son; "for, Sir," said he, "in all my dealings, I finds there's nothing like going to the fountain head; and they say as how his Majesty will even speak to a farmer's servant, and ax them about their sheep and their lambs; so, for sure and sartin, he would be civil to such a lady as Madam Montgomery, when he knows that she has lost a good husband in fighting for him."

The tear which started into Mrs. Montgomery's eye, at the mention of her husband, was chased away by the smile, which I found impossible to restrain; and which to conceal from the artless being who had excited it, I was forced to begin playing with the little girl; yet, so pleased was he with the idea he had suggested, that he twice demanded whether I did not think that the best plan, before I was able to reply.

[*To be continued.*]

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE HOLY WAR.

IN the year of our Lord 1190, a memorable crusade was undertaken by Richard Cœur de Lion, with the grand design of recovering Palestine out of the hands of the infidels, and freeing the christians in that country from the dreadful tyranny of the declared enemies of the gospel. The people were fired with enthusiasm, and the army soon became numerous; nor was there an officer, or soldier, but what furnished himself with common necessaries, either from his own stock, or by the assistance of those who were equally zealous with himself.

Richard having provided, as he thought, for the safety of his kingdom, by his choice of persons to conduct the administration during his absence, commenced his arduous undertaking. He passed over to the continent, and met Philip of France, at Gue de St. Remi. Here the two monarchs settled finally their joint proceedings in the intended expedition. They appointed the first place of their rendezvous to be in the plains of Vezelay, on the borders of Burgundy; and it was also determined to conduct their armies to Palestine by sea, to carry provisions with them, and, by means of their naval power, to maintain an open communication with their own states, and with all the western parts of Europe. Every thing being settled in this conference, Richard, after receiving his pilgrim's staff at Tours, repaired to Vezelay, where he met the King of France, and where they reviewed their armies, amounting to an hundred thousand men; a formidable force, animated by two warlike monarchs, provided with every thing which their several dominions could afford, and not to be overturned but by their own misconduct, or the insurmountable obstacles of nature. Here the two monarchs reiterated their promises of friendship, pledged their faith not to invade each others dominions during the crusade; exchanged the oaths of all their barons and prelates to the same effect; and subjected themselves, in the most solemn manner, to the penalty of interdicts and excommunications, if either violated this public and religious engagement.

Passing over the intermediate events which contributed to retard their progress, we will confine ourselves to a succinct detail of the success which attended this expedition. The aspiring Richard, after being deserted by Philip, determined to attempt some enterprize worthy the name of the leader of the christian armies. He accordingly made a general attack upon Saladine's camp, but met with such a spirited resistance, that he was obliged to retreat with considerable loss. This check, however, made no change in Richard's resolutions; that martial spirit, which formed his ruling passion, supported him under every misfortune. After several hazardous attempts, in the course of which Richard experienced alternate glory and mortification, both armies prepared for a general engagement, which was to decide the fate of thousands, and, possibly, of Palestine itself. In this Richard was victorious; he performed the most astonishing acts of valour, and those who before were filled with envy, were now struck with admiration. Nothing now opposed his march to Jerusalem; but the Knights Templars, who were in the interest of Philip of France, and were envious of the glory which Richard must obtain by the conquest of the Holy City, persuaded him to lay aside his design till the ensuing spring; and he, not suspecting the real motive of the knights, followed their advice.

Notwithstanding his numerous successes, it was impossible for Richard, with a handful of followers, to defeat the numerous armies of Saladine, and carry his victories to the gates of Jerusalem; a truce was therefore concluded, for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours: a magical number, which had been devised by the Europeans, and which was suggested by a superstition well suited to the object of the war.

It may not be amiss here, to give some account of the Knights Templars of Jerusalem. According to Mathew Paris, the historian, several noble knights formed themselves into a society, in the year 1122, obliging themselves to celibacy, and to live as regular canons. The founders of this order were Hugo de Pagan and Godfrey, of Eadmer, who were so poor, that they had but one buckler and one horse between them; in commemoration of which, the seal

of the order has two knights mounted on one horse. As they had no dwelling place, Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, assigned them an apartment in his own palace for their residence, and the canons of the temple granted them an area near the palace, to erect their offices; the king himself, as well as the clergy, granted them a daily allowance for their table and cloathing. The knights, at first, undertook to clear the roads towards Jerusalem from the banditti and robbers, with which they were infested; and, in a short time, the order was so respectable, that it spread all over Europe, and was embraced by persons of the most distinguished birth and abilities. This order was dissolved in the reign of Edward II. and was occasioned by the barbarous injustice of Pope Clement V. instigated by the cruel and vindictive spirit of Philip the Fair, King of France. The knights had acquired, from the piety of the faithful, very ample possessions in every country of Europe, especially in France; but time having relaxed all the severity of their original virtues, and convinced them of the inefficacy of those expeditions to the east, which had so long depopulated Europe, they chose rather to enjoy, in their native countries, their opulent estates, than expose themselves to incessant dangers against the infidels in the Holy Land.

By this change of conduct they lost their popularity, while their riches tempted the avarice of several of the monarchs of Europe. But though they were no longer beheld with reverence by the people, they still maintained a considerable part of their former credit; the vindictive spirit of Philip the Fair alone proved the cause of their destruction. They were accused by two profligate and imprisoned knights of their own order, of crimes so repugnant to reason and policy, that their being mentioned was abundantly sufficient to destroy the credit of the witnesses. But Philip was implacable: all the Templars in France were seized and committed to prison in one day; above an hundred of them were put to the most cruel tortures, and fifty-nine burnt together, near the Abbey of St. Antoine, in Paris. Even the grand-master of the order, John de Molay, and Guy, brother to the sovereign of Dauphiné, two of the principal noblemen in Europe, (the one by his dignity, and the other by his birth) were committed alive to the flames, before

the church of Notre Dame. Their conduct underwent the strictest scrutiny in several parts of Europe. Clement V. one of Philip's creatures, and who then resided at Poictiers, abolished the whole order, by the plenitude of his apostolic power, though not the least trace of the crimes imputed to them by Philip was even pretended to be discovered. England sent back an ample testimony of their purity and morals to the Pope; but, as the order was now annihilated, the knights were distributed into several convents, and their possessions transferred to the Order of St. John.

DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.

(Continued from Vol. III. page 270.)

Query.—Which of the senses is most beneficial to man, and least possible to be dispensed with?

MR. PLACID.

IN order to decide with precision on the present question, it will be necessary, gentlemen, to enter into a minute discussion of the various services rendered unto us by each of the senses; and, on the other hand, to investigate fairly the inconveniences to which they at various times subject us. By way of commencing the argument, I will espouse the cause of *hearing*, without which advantage we should be unable to enter properly into the spirit of the present amicable dispute. Without the sense of hearing, what delightful gratifications we must lose! The pleasures of social converse would be lost—the enchanting vibrations of instrumental music would no longer delight our ears—the soft warblings of the feathered tribe would lose their heart-soothing influence—the voice of nature, which speaks with a thousand tongues, could charm no more. Innumerable are the sources of pleasure which this sense affords, and exquisite are the sensations it produces to those in full enjoyment of it: the gentle undulations of the ripling

wave—the melodious accents of the fair one we love—the endearing prattle of our children—the soothing voice of friendship—the solemn sublimity of church music—and the admonitory exhortations of a divine preceptor; all these are advantages we enjoy through the medium of this sense, and all these materially contribute to the comforts and pleasures of life.

CAPTAIN RATTLE.

In our friend Placid's enumeration of the comforts and advantages of *Hearing*, I cannot but observe, that he has omitted to mention any of the inconveniences it so frequently occasions. It is true, that all these pleasures may be enjoyed, yet, how often do we find occasion to wish ourselves deprived of this sense, when annoyed by the squalling of children—the clatter of women's tongues—the roaring wind—the cawing of rooks—or the discordant yells which assail our ears in the streets of London! But in what an eminent degree do we enjoy the blessing of sight: this sense alone can make amends for the deprivation of all others. What the ear loses, the eye can supply. The salutary admonitions of sacred writ can be perused with equal advantage—the consolations of friendship lose nothing by being committed to paper—the beauties of nature and art make their full impression on our souls, and afford a variety to the mind, without which life would be an insipid void. Deception is less easily practised on this sense than on any other—objects become familiar to our recollection, and endeared to our affections—the rising and setting sun—the star illumined firmament—the gay parterre—the verdant meadow! Who would willingly be deprived of these enchanting spectacles?—or who would barter them for gratifications afforded by any other sense?

MR. CAVIL.

Allowing the justice of Captain Rattle's remarks, I will yet venture to advance a few words on the subject of *Taste:* and though by so doing I may be deemed an epicure, I will boldly assert that it is equally advantageous to man with either of the other senses. Nature has admirably ordained it, that the most wholesome nutriment is in general the most palatable; and it is only when vitiated by habits of luxury,

that we relish other food, and the palate by degrees accustoms itself to flavours, which, in childhood, would disgust. This is a fact ascertained by experience; and the infinite variety dispersed through the vegetable world, is a convincing proof that Taste was a sense bestowed on us for the most beneficial purposes. Without this sense, appetite would find no provocative—nature would lose its best support—and the constitution suffer materially by the deprivation:—by the palate we are enabled to distinguish the wholesome from the unwholesome. It is a sense which accompanies us from infancy to extreme old age, and which the common casualties of life is not so liable to deprive us of as any of the others.

MR. MEANWELL.

The latter part of Mr. Cavil's argument is, in my opinion, all that can be advanced in favour of the sense he undertakes to support. As far as concerns the wholesomeness of our food, I think I may with justice remark, that the *Smell* is more frequently our guide than taste, and is more essentially beneficial, as it anticipates it, and is equally tenacious. It also contributes in greater measure to our gratification, as it is extended to objects which were never designed for the palate. Their properties, however, are so closely united by nature, that it is hardly possible to separate them; and the one seldom decays, without a sensible diminution of the other. The human frame is so exquisitely and judiciously organized, that it would be almost impious to form any decision as to which of the senses can be conveniently dispensed with; yet, as far as I dare to give my opinion, I must agree with Captain Rattle, that Sight is most beneficial and pleasurable to mankind.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND,

To conclude the debate, spoke a few words in praise of the last sense, Feeling. He produced several instances, in which it supplied the absence of sight; and, among others, that of a noted gamester, who knew every card by the touch. "In fact," he added, "there can be no deception practised upon the feeling—it is the medium of all our most exquisite sensations; who does not feel the warm glow of satisfaction animate his soul, when cordially grasping the hand of an

esteemed friend?—What husband would exchange the kiss of fond affection for pleasures afforded by the other senses? —Or what mother, clasping her loved infant to her breast, would renounce a delight so pure, for transitory enjoyments?"

MR. MEANWELL.

After all that has been said upon the subject, it does not appear to me that any just conclusion can be drawn.—All that remains for us, is to entertain a lively gratitude for the blessings which are thus numerously bestowed upon us, and admire the wisdom of that great architect, who made nothing in vain; but endowed us with every faculty which could contribute to our comfort and pleasure. Never may we, by our own intemperance, deprive ourselves of acquisitions so valuable: but, while enjoying in full perfection, the five senses, which regulate and assist all our functions, employ them unceasingly to the glorification of our Supreme Benefactor, from whom alone we derive all earthly good.

The question was then proposed for the next evening's debate, viz.—

"Is the encouragement of private theatricals beneficial, or injurious to the morals of youth?"

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LOVE is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

La Fontaine.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A GENTLEMAN was one day composing the music of a rondo for a lady, to whom he paid his addresses. "Pray, Miss D——," said he, "what *time* do you prefer?"— "Oh!" she replied carelessly, "Any time will do—but the *quicker the better!*" The company smiled at the apt rejoinder, and the gentleman took her at her word.

THE RECLUSES OF SNOWDEN.

A TALE.

ON the border of one of those lakes which run at the foot of the celebrated Snowdon, a place of worship had formerly been erected in the Druidical style, but the hand of time had made such dilapidations in it, that at the period of the commencement of this narrative little more than the walls remained.

A gentleman, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Melville, was travelling through that part of Carnarvonshire, for the purpose of fixing upon his future abode, accompanied by his only daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen. Mr. Melville was the descendant of a noble family, his appearance was dignified, and a peculiar degree of polish marked his address; yet he had not only experienced a complete vicissitude of fortune, but his sensibility had been deeply wounded by the treachery of pretended friends. To retrieve those losses which an unsuspicious disposition had brought upon him, and live in a less expensive style, was the motive which induced the hero of my story to make an excursion into Wales.

The death of a beloved wife had given a melancholy turn to his reflections, which the treachery of friendship tended to augment, and he began not only to view mankind with a suspicious, but a misanthropic eye.

The appearance of the decayed building attracted his attention; it seemed to bear affinity to his fortune, and he mentally exclaimed, "Here will I dwell!" then turning to the object of his affection, he eagerly enquired whether she could bear to live in so retired a spot? The amiable Louisa had no will but that of her father, and, in a tone of angelic sweetness, she replied, "that a desart with him would not appear solitary, provided she could again behold the smile of cheerfulness illuminate his face."

"My darling girl!" exclaimed the dejected Melville, pressing the lively image of his lost Maria to his breast, and at the same time endeavouring to suppress a sigh, which bespoke the inquietude of his feelings, whilst the smile of parental fondness transiently passed over his cheek.

The postillion was directed to stop; they entered the decayed building, in which they found a goatherd, taking his humble meal; and upon Melville's entering into conversation with him, he found that the spot which presented so many charms to his imagination, was either to be sold, or let upon a long lease. The proprietor, he was likewise informed, was then at Carnarvon; and thither this citizen of the world resolved to direct his course, for the purpose of buying the decayed structure, and converting it into his future abode.

Melville's proposals were accepted with avidity; for the possessor of the tenement actually believed his mind was deranged, as Snowdon was a spot merely visited by the curious traveller, and the last imaginable abode that could be fixed upon by a man of taste. Yet that such Mr. Melville was, appeared evident from his conversation; and his manners evinced that he had been accustomed to associate with persons in the most elevated sphere of life. Therefore the supposition which the possessor of this Druidical chapel formed was perfectly consistent, though he injudiciously asserted that he was insane.

The building, which had been erected for the purpose of offering homage to the Great Creator of the Universe, was in a short time converted into a comfortable abode: when Kirby and his wife, two faithful domestics, were summoned from the elegant mansion, which had been intrusted to their care; as an advertisement had proclaimed the master's intention of letting it for the space of seven years. The Gothic appearance of this ancient structure did not undergo the slightest alteration; and to the passing stranger it conveyed an idea of its original sacred use; but the internal part was constructed with elegance, and at once proved the chaste simplicity of its possessor's taste.

Louisa, whose mind was stored with that improving literary knowledge which prevents those who possess it from feeling the tediousness of time, found so many pursuits to occupy her attention, that she could not experimentally have been said to know the meaning of that fashionable term *ennui*. Though, in a spot so retired, there were not many opportunities for the exertions of benevolence, yet some few, in the most remote situations, naturally must

arise; and, like the good Samaritan described in scripture, she was always prepared both with money and oil.

Ignorance has been described as the parent of superstition; and as the retreat Melville had chosen had formerly been devoted to a sacred use, the few lower class of people who resided in the neighbourhood fabricated a variety of marvellous tales. That the house was haunted, was asserted with such a degree of confidence, that incredulity itself must have been compelled to believe the report; for reputed facts (as they were termed), were so circumstantially related, that they scarcely admitted of a doubt. The secluded life Melville led, united to his never quitting his retirement unaccompanied by a favourite cat of his deceased wife's, not only confirmed the opinion of his intellects being disordered, but gave rise to a still more extraordinary belief, and he was soon signalized by the title of the Magician, and the Mad Man of the Mountains. Though the children of the peasantry at first shunned him with looks of apprehension, yet the condescending sweetness of his manners soon dispersed their fears; and scarce a day elapsed wtihout their returning to their parents big with the Mad Man of the Mountain's praise.

Louisa had passed near twelve months in this seclusion, when, in her accustomed evening walks round the foot of the mountain, her susceptible feelings were alarmed by a terrific shriek, and elevating her eyes towards the spot from whence it issued, she beheld something roll with inconceivable rapidity down the hill. She remained for some moments transfixed with terror: the rolling body, as it approached, presented a human form, and gazing anxiously round, in the hope of seeing some person who might aid her benevolent intentions, she perceived a groom leading two horses, which were grazing upon the borders of the lake. Breathless, she flew towards the servant, and implored him to hasten with her towards the spot. "Oh! it is my master, miss! it must be my dear master!" exclaimed the poor fellow, in an alarmed tone of voice.

This conjecture was in a few moments verified; it was the ill-fated Theodocius, whom they discovered apparently lifeless at the foot of the mount, which from curiosity he had ascended, for the purpose of measuring its height.—

The unfeigned expressions of sorrow which escaped the lips of the attached servant, made Louisa doubly anxious to render assistance to the helpless young man, and though no surgical aid could be procured within eight miles distance, she had the highest opinion of her father's skill, who, in his more prosperous days, had frequently exerted the physical knowledge he had obtained by study, for the benefit of the neighbouring poor. At that critical moment she perceived him approaching, and springing towards him with rapidity, she related the melancholy accident which had occurred, and besought him to render the unfortunate stranger every assistance in his power.

Melville's sympathizing breast beat with emotion, as he listened to the impressing account, and having acquired the art of phlebotomy, upon reaching the senseless body he opened a vein. The sustaining current of life for some minutes remained stagnate, but at length a few drops issued from the orifice—yet the heart appeared totally to have lost its pulsation, and Melville expressed his fears that the unfortunate stranger was dead.

Kirby, and a lad who had been hired to assist in the garden, were ordered to convey a small mattress to the spot where this unfortunate accident had occurred, and as they were moving the apparently lifeless body upon it, the sufferer uttered a penetrating groan. Though so strong a symptom of pain could not be likely to give pleasure to a mind like Louisa's, yet she emphatically exclaimed, "Thank God!" and anxiously turning her expressive eyes upon her father, she demanded whether Mr. Owen had not better be sent for.

"A short period, my dear girl, will decide whether his aid can be of service," replied Melville, pressing the hand of Louisa to his lips, and then assisting the attendants to remove the unfortunate Theodocius to his hospitable abode. A bed had previously been prepared by the attentive Martha, which was the name of honest Kirby's wife; and as the symptoms of returning sense seemed to increase, Mr. Owen was immediately summoned, and the boy had the good fortune to meet him within three miles.

Upon examining the wounded man, he discovered a contusion at the back of his head, and that three ribs were

broken, though fortunately not any of the more dangerous limbs. It was thought prudent that another vein should be opened, as the patient had not displayed any symptom of returning sense, and, from the state of the pulse, it was apprehended that a fever would arise.

Every attention that humanity could bestow, and kindness imagine, was paid this ill-fated young man; but not until the termination of the third day did it strike Melville that it would be necessary to send an account of this melancholy accident to his friends. The servant, when speaking of his master, had merely addressed him as Mr. Theodocius, and Melville had never even thought of enquiring his surname; and judge of his sensations, upon demanding it of the servant, to find that he was the younger son of the man whose treachery had not only injured his fortune, but destroyed his peace of mind.

William, the servant of the suffering Theodocius, had scarcely named it, when the disconcerted Melville threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming, "This is too much! to shun all intercourse with my bitterest enemy did I fly to this desolated spot; yet, circumstanced as I am, how can I in humanity avoid inviting him into my house?" The energy with which these sentiments were expressed, united to the pallid hue of Melville's countenance, completely alarmed the astonished William; but when he perceived the letter, which had previously been written, torn into a thousand fragments, he no longer doubted the report he had heard from the country people, that the poor gentleman was deranged.

After having paced the room in the greatest agitation, Melville at length resolved that Mr. Owen should write, and invite Theodocius's father down, without mentioning the name of the gentleman at whose house the unfortunate young man was so hospitably entertained. Near ten days elapsed before Mr. Owen received an answer, the purport of which was, to say that the writer was confined to his bed, and concluded with begging the Almighty to shower down blessings upon the being who had fostered his son.

Previous to the discovery which William had made of his master's family, Louisa had officiated as the sick man's nurse; but from that moment she received positive orders

never to enter the room. The astonished Louisa, upon hearing the mandate, requested to be made acquainted with the cause. "I have my reasons," replied Melville, in an unusual tone of authority, "and I expect to be implicitly obeyed."

The prohibition was strictly attended to, yet a visible dejection marked Louisa's expressive face; which Melville perceiving, reproached himself as being the cause of, and, by an increased tenderness of manner, endeavoured to disperse the gloom.

As I have distinguished the hero of my narrative by the assumed name of Melville, I shall call the father of Theodocius by the borrowed one of Darnley, and inform my readers, that though Louisa knew her father's fortune and peace of mind had been injured by the treacherous conduct of some person in whom he had confided, yet the name of this pretended friend she had never heard. Melville, therefore, resolved to unbosom himself to her, and explain the motive which had induced him to repress her humane cares; though at first he jocosely said, he forbade her from entering the apartment, least the handsome person of Theodocius should make an impression upon her heart. Inspired with equal confidence by this mark of parental affection, Louisa completely quieted her father's fears, by assuring him it was impossible for her ever to form an attachment that he did not sanction and approve; "but deprive me not, I conjure you," said she, "of the pleasure I derive from displaying humanity; and allow me to shew that civility to Theodocius which he has a right to expect from the mistress of this house."

"On your guarded prudence then I rely," replied Melville, taking his daughter affectionately by the hand, and conducting her to the chamber of Theodocius, whose intellectual faculties were perfectly restored, and who, within the last three days, had appeared rapidly to mend. Of Louisa's attention to him, at the commencement of his illness, he would have been ignorant, had not William circumstantially related the thousand instances of her humanity and care; and from the moment of his faculties being restored to him, he had impatiently longed to behold his sympathizing nurse.

"Is she fair?—is she tall?—is she interesting?—is she

handsome?" were enquiries repeatedly made by the invalid; but the answer regularly made was, "Sir, she is a perfect angel—why, Lord bless ye, there is music in the very sound of her voice!"

Though Theodocius could with difficulty avoid smiling at his servant's description, yet it certainly exalted his curiosity to the highest pitch; though he sometimes could not avoid condemning his own folly, in feeling so much impatience to behold a country girl. "She may be pretty," he would say, "but bred up in retirement, it is impossible that her manners can be polished or refined. Her mother, it is true, might have been an elegant woman; but she lost her before the force of example could improve."

In reflections of this nature was Theodocius indulging, when his hospitable entertainer opened the door, leading in the blooming Louisa, and conducting her towards the bed: "My daughter," said he, "Mr. Darnley, wished to offer her congratulations upon the improved state of your health; and, as conductress of my small establishment, to say she hopes the servants have gratified, and even endeavoured to anticipate your wants."

Louisa, without re-echoing her father's expressions, coincided with him in the same hope; but her voice, her gesture, and the angelic sweetness of her countenance, communicated to the heart of Theodocius an emotion which for some moments deprived him of the power of speech.

"I have a want, it is true, my dear Sir," he replied, recovering himself, "but it is the want of language to describe the grateful sentiments which I feel. To your sympathizing kindness," continued he, "Miss Melville, I owe my existence; William has informed me that, but for your benevolent interposition, I must have lost my life. You were a guardian angel, delegated by heaven, to snatch me from the jaws of death. Let your own heart, then, judge of the sensations I must experience at beholding my deliverer; and at beholding in her every charm that can adorn the sex."

"Stop, my good Sir," exclaimed Melville, laying his hand gently before the invalid's lips, "or my daughter will fly from you with precipitation, under the apprehension the fall has injured your head."

"Oh! in mercy do not leave me!" said the alarmed Theodocius, attempting to catch the drapery of Louisa's

gown, "Surely, my dear Sir, I may be permitted to pour forth those acknowledgments which an obligation of so exalted a nature must inspire in the most callous breast."

"I entreat you not to mention the term obligation," rejoined Louisa; "I witnessed the unfortunate accident, and reported it to your man; and surely this was merely an act of common humanity, wholly unentitled to the slightest praise."

"It was the act of a guardian angel! but I will be silent;" said Theodocius, perceiving a gathering cloud overspread Melville's face; "to you, Sir, I have repeatedly endeavoured feebly to describe those grateful emotions which such unprecedented marks of hospitality as I have met with naturally must inspire; yet, as I perceive the theme is unpleasant to you, I will in future merely treasure the remembrance of them within my breast."

"On these conditions, and these only," replied Melville, "will I consent that my daughter shall occasionally visit you; for we are so simple and unrefined in our manners, that we are incapable of comprehending the studied form of expression, which unmeaningly passes in the polished world."

"For heaven's sake, my dear Sir, do me not so much injustice, as to suppose my expressions do not correspond with the feelings of my heart," exclaimed Theodocius, exalting his natural tone of voice. The entrance of a servant with a letter, which he said had been brought by a special messenger, terminated a conversation which had excited in the breast of the too susceptible Louisa, a mixture of astonishment and concern; for there was an asperity in the tone of her father's voice, so foreign to his general manner, that she could not help fearing the invalid must construe it into a premeditated affront.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FIG. 1. A straw coloured dress of sarsnet, with alternate stripes of lace; head-dress to correspond, with white ostrich feathers. Kid gloves.

Fig. 2. Hair fashionably dressed; pink crape dress, ornamented with white crape. White kid shoes.

Fig. 3. Round cambric dress; bloom coloured mantle, trimmed with swansdown, but the same colour.

LONDON DRESSES for FEB.Y 1808.

Published Feb.11th 1808. by Vernor Hood & Sharpe. Poultry.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

CELIBACY.

ON Granta's banks, where rear'd in learning's pride,
The sons of science through whole lives reside;
Content (tho' hapless) in their monkish cell,
Life's chiefest comfort still o'erlook'd, to dwell;
By Isis' silver stream, whence fair in fame,
The rival-sister spreads her classic name,
Each, as along I stray, disowns my heart,
Th' unsocial plan, and freely thence can part.

O! if in fertile Eden's blissful seat,
Alone, man felt such blessings incomplete;
If, to fulfil his joy, in love was giv'n
The help-mate fair, a gift confess'd of heav'n;
Say, in these hapless days (O! falsely wise!)
Shall man reject, and heav'n's own gift despise?
Nature's great law, see selfish man defy,
Thence joyless live, and unlamented die!

Thus some, thro' choice, the nuptial bed disdain;
While some, who love sincere, must love in vain!
On these, hard fate, it seems, her sport has us'd;
The wish implanted, but the means refus'd.
Was't nature's fault the social heart to give?
Yet theirs the lot in dreams of bliss to live!
One dearest object gain'd would make them blest;
One wanted still, they heed not all the rest.
O thou, who ne'er hast thought thyself above,
Judge not, at least in scorn, of those who love;
More cruel foes can scarce our life assail,
Than fruitless sighs, and hopes that ever fail!

When, in reproof some voice I seem to hear,
" Unwise, unworthy man, shun frowning care;
" Too short, the longest life, for waste of joy,
" Let then some new pursuit thy thoughts employ."
How little such love's tender feelings know!
The world, if gain'd, would not the cure bestow.
All, all, concentrates in the wish'd for Fair,
And all, without, a worthless prize appear.
Whoever yet, that own'd the lover's name,
Could think to quench, at will, the subtle flame?
Still inextinct, it all our art defies;
Outliving life, methinks it never dies.

But come, thou pleasing meditative pow'r!
Sacred to thee be oft the lonely hour!
And as beneath the shade I lie along,
In soothing thought inspire my artless song!
Sweeten the pains this heart must still endure,
And heal, in part, the wounds I cannot cure——
Grateful is felt the sadly-musing strain,
Reflects the mind on love's all-varying scene,
Hopes mix'd with fears—in turns successive cross'd;
Now hope reviv'd; and now for ever lost!
And yet, tho' lost, how can I still forbear,
While life shall last, to love the precious Fair?
On her my heart's best thoughts will ever dwell;
For loss of hope will not my love dispel!

J. W.

*CHRISTMAS**.

THE mead has lost its green-plush suit,
And shines in dazzling white;
The woods wild choristers are mute,
No more the blithesome shepherd's flute
Salutes the ear of night.

The silver streams, which gurgling play'd,
In many a mazy round,
When Flora's gems the meads array'd,
Within their pebbly beds are laid,
In icy fetters bound.

* We are sorry this came too late to be inserted in proper season.

The gold-hair'd monarch of the day
Now runs a shorter race,
And scarce the chrystal from the spray,
Or from the trees their coats of grey,
His noon-tide beams can chase.

The peasant blows his aching nails,
His ruddy face turns blue;
And whilst the milk-maid fills her pails,
The bitter breeze her nose assails,
And gives a cherry hue.

Long icy-gems adorn the thatch,
In many a glittering row,
The grey hoar hangs upon the latch,
While through the rude unskilful patch,
The ruffian winds do blow.

The floods a glittering crust encase,
And many a youth is seen
Swift-gliding o'er the slippery space,
And quaint devices oft they trace,
Upon the glassy scene.

Now on the hospitable hearth
The cheering faggots blaze,
And many a jocund jest has birth
Midst Christmas-ale and rural mirth,
In harmony and ease.

Oh friendship! here thou lov'st to dwell,
Remote from scenes of strife;
The straw-roof'd cot—the silent dell—
The sun-burnt swain—thou lov'st full well,
The charms of rural life.

Haverhill, Dec. 5. J. FITCH.

ELEGIAC LINES,

On the Death of a Canary Bird, which was endeared to its Possessor from being the Gift of a Deceased Friend.

AND have I lost the music of thy throat!
Sweet warbler; shall thy voice no longer cheer?
No longer wilt thou reach the octave note,
And by thy melody suppress the tear.

The starting tear!—which sad remembrance brings,
As thy lov'd mistress in idea I see;
Stroaking thy burnish'd, flutt'ring, silken wings,
And with affection, gazing oft on thee!

Sweet relic of the friend I lov'd, adieu!
Keen was the blast, which broke life's slender thread;
If genial suns had glow'd, or zephyrs blew,
Then hadst thou not been number'd with the dead!

Or had it been thy destiny to roam,
Throughout the groves from whence arose thy name;
Then, in thy native clime, and dearer home,
Thy voice harmonious had prolong'd thy fame!

Yet we are told the *Sparrow* does not fall,
Unless ordain'd by a divine decree;
Perhaps e'en then, the arrow, or the ball,
Had from the marks-man's hand been aim'd at thee.

Death is the portion, and the lot of all,
Soon may his iron dart be aim'd at me:
And I, alas! perhaps, be doom'd to fall,
And be as senseless as I now see thee!

Ah, no! there's the distinction—from the tomb I trust
My soul to heav'n's immortal realms will climb,
Whilst thy frail body moulders in the dust,
And e'en thy *music* is forgot in time!

Dec. 10. M. P.

EXTEMPORE LINES.

Occasioned by a Young Lady writing her name on the Sands at Margate.

THINK not, fair maid, you thus can gain
One jot of trivial fame;
Were that your hope, it would be vain;
Next tide destroys your name.

But you possess a mind too rare,
Such fame as this to prize:
The beach will, as your form be fair,
When next the waters rise.

What more than this do tyrants * find,
A transient fame at most;
To be a terror to their kind,
At best their boist'rous boast.

What are their lives, but as a day,
Which swiftly passes o'er;
Death, like the tide, sweeps all away,
Their names are known no more!

J. M. L.

STANZAS.

Addressed to a Young Lady on her approaching Nuptials.

BY J. M. L.

SHALL friendship's hallow'd voice be mute,
Nor raise one feeble tone of joy;
Shall minstrelsy lay by her lute,
When pleasure should its notes employ?

Shall poesy forget her strain,
That oft to friendship has been giv'n,
That oft has mourn'd o'er mis'ry's pain,
Or sigh'd for those to anguish driv'n?

And shall that strain be silent now,
When her, whom long and well I've known,
Goes to pronounce the sacred vow,
That makes another's fate her own?

Forbid it, friendship! Though the bard,
In humble accents pours his lay,
It still shall speak his kind regard,
That bliss be yours through life's short day.

May ev'ry joy that wedded love
Can give to bless the human mind,
Be ever thine, fair friend, to prove,
With each soft sentiment refin'd.

* We have taken the liberty of altering this word, which in the original was "heroes," as we think it more applicable.

May all thy hours, as time flits by,
To peace devoted, glide serene;
May pain or sorrow's pensive sigh,
Never obscure the happy scene!

Believe, 'tis friendship strikes the string,
Or else my harp would idly sleep;
Believe, 'tis friendship bids me sing,
Or strictest silence I should keep.

Then take not wrong each humble line,
Nor rude my heart-felt wishes deem:
May all those wishes e'er be thine,
Then truly blest will be my theme!

Jan. 2, 1808.

IMITATION OF A FRENCH SONNET.

"Qu' autres que vous soient desirées," &c.

THAT swains should breathe their ardent pray'r
To other nymphs than thee, my fair,
"That may surely be;"
But that their vows can e'er be paid,
To such a fair and beauteous maid,
"That can never be."

That all who see those eyes should prove
The pow'r—the hopes—the pains of love,
"That can surely be;"
But that they e'er can feel the smart,
Which love has caus'd in this fond heart,
"That can never be."

That other maids than thee despise
A lover's tears—a lover's sighs—
"That can surely be;"
But that, like thee, they e'er can prove
A cold, disdainful, foe to love,
"That can never be."

That oft your frowns have given rise,
To many ardent lover's sighs,
"That can surely be;"
But that they e'er can feel the pain,
Which racks my heart—which turns my brain—
"That can never be."

That reason ev'ry effort tries,
To ope my fond deluded eyes,
" That may surely be;
But that its power can remove,
My heart from thee, I fondly love,
" That can never be."

That death can ease this aching heart,
Of ev'ry pain, and ev'ry smart,
" That can surely be;"
But that while life's warm current flows,
This heart can ever find repose,
" That can never be."

40, *IV*—— *S*——. JAMES B. BROWNE.

ENIGMAS.

1.

WHEN from its Maker's hands the pliant earth
Receiv'd its wond'rous form, my first had birth.
Still in my second lives all social joys,
Health's chearing smile, repose from cares and noise;
When by fell tempest urg'd, the angry sweep
Ploughs up the briny horrors of the deep,
When as aloft the rattling clouds resound,
And the pale lightning skims the vast profound,
Whilst the wet seaman pants with eager dread,
Fancies each prospect of relief is fled;
My whole, with gen'rous care, imparts its rays,
Rekindles hope, and points to brighter days.

2.

WHERE the huge Alps display their lofty brows,
Clad in a mantle of eternal snows;
Where the wild desert spreads its gloomy reign,
And lordly roarings echo thro' the plain;
Why sighs the trav'ller—heaves his plaintive breast,
Long since depriv'd of comfort and of rest;
Ask of yon vet'ran, stranger still to fear,
Why o'er his cheeks now burst the unbidd'n tear,
'Tis sweet remembrance of my pleasures past,
'Tis sad regret they now no longer last;
Simple and short the name, and yet you'll swear,
Your dearest blessing, fondest wish, dwells there.

R. SCRIBLERUS.

CHARADE.

MY first the youthful wedded pair
May justly hope to gain;
My next supplies the proper fare,
When fasting seasons reign:
My whole to amorous swains oft friendly proves,
And in smooth polish'd style proclaims their loves.

CORNELIA.

SOLUTIONS

OF THE ENIGMA AND CHARADE IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

Echo. Boot-Jack.

ACROSTIC.

A MID the joys that sweeten care,
C an ought with peace of mind compare?
R iches have wings, and fly away,
O r honors perish, and decay;
S in, tho' at first it pleasure brings,
T oo surely like a serpent stings:
I n vain then let us hope to find
C ontentment, but in peace of mind.

DUNELMENSIS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Hawkins will excuse our rejection of his last favour: unless he will take the trouble to compress it into about one-third of the quantity, we do not think the subject particularly interesting.

We are particularly gratified by the candour and civility of Dunelmensis—his Charades shall have early attention.

The favours of Scriblerus are highly prized by us, but we cannot comply with his request; the piece in question is perfectly correct—though our correspondent must recollect that our original copy was materially different from that received last.

"Spring"—"Lines on the Author's Hat"—T. G.—E. G.—and L. from Bouverie Street," are unavoidably deferred.—"Mercy" shall be attended to.

Erratum in our last.—The initials E. F. were by mistake affixed to "Lines on seeing a Lady blush,"—which should have been E. T.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
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SEP

Countess Craven